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THE CARMEL

SPECTATOR

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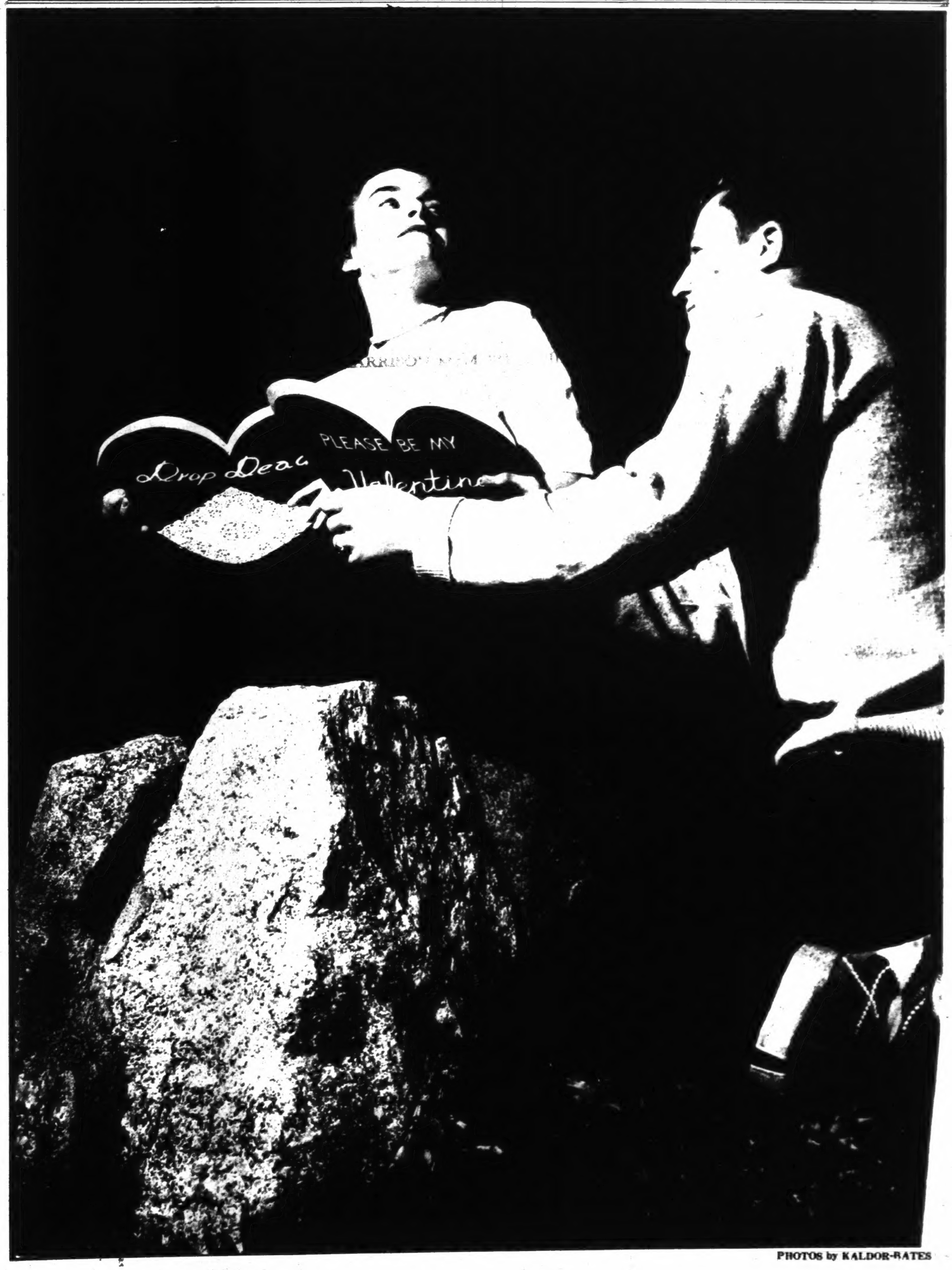

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World Faces Sad Future Says Atomic Lecturer

By ZENAS POTTER

If Charles P. Ketzell, Extension lecturer for the University of California, is right, the world faces a very gloomy outlook, for there is little chance that Russia and the United States can get together on atomic controls, until their other differences are settled, and little progress is being made toward such a settlement. In fact, the tension between the two countries grows greater, instead of abating. He felt that we should not give up trying in our efforts to find a basis for agreement; but the chances were not encouraging.

Speaking under the auspices of the Carmel Adult Education Program in the Sunset Auditorium last Saturday night, Ketzell traced the historic development of atomic energy controls. He told of the conviction of the atomic scientists who made the bomb, that international control was essential. He described the Acheson-Lilienthal report, which, under Bernard Baruch's leadership, became the American Plan. This proposed international control under United Nations authority, with the veto eliminated. It proposed that atomic fuel plants be owned and operated, in the different countries, by an international agency. It called for international inspection in all countries to prevent violation. It called for establishment of a research laboratory under international control. And it called for destruction of existing bombs, when the control system was in operation. Mr. Ketzell felt that this was a remarkably generous offer by the United States government, which alone then possessed bombs and knowledge of how to make them.

Russia, however, objected to the American Plan, almost in toto, for more than a year, alleging that it was a plan for capitalistic countries, under United States leadership, to get control of the Russian economy. At the end of a year the Russians began to make concessions. They agreed to international inspection; but periodic and not continuous, which made it impossible to determine the output of atomic materials or fuels by any mine or plant. And they objected to serial surveys, saying it would tell possible enemies where all their industrial plants were located. They would not agree to international ownership and operation of atomic plants, saying it was a violation of state sovereignty. They agreed to establishment of an international research laboratory.

From the very start the Russians insisted on destruction of our atomic bombs, as a preliminary to discussion of any plan. Finally, last year, they agreed to simultaneous destruction of bombs and institution of a control plan.

The United States never made any concessions. Ketzell felt that we might have done so. He felt that big power veto of action against violators was unimportant, because violation calling for punitative action was in any case cause for military action, and it did not matter a great deal if the nation against which action was to be taken agreed or not. He felt also that we might have agreed to dismantling of our bombs, since any nation with atomic fuels and knowledge of how to make bombs could make them in a very short time, if proper controls were not agreed upon. He also felt that we may have made a mistake in insisting on agreement on principles; that we might have come nearer to agreement had we in each case discussed just how controls would operate. The Russians might have approved of effective procedures, whereas they could not agree on principles. This seemingly is the procedure to be followed in the present and third attempt by the United Nations Atomic Energy commission to find some common basis for agreement.

Ketzell felt that although we were ready to agree to the surrender of sovereignty called for by the plan, when it was first offered, three years ago, the plan might at this time be rejected by the United States Senate, because of the more tense international situation, were it now approved by the Russians.

The American plan was adopted by the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, all but Russia and her satellite nations endorsing the plan. It was approved by the U.N. assembly by a 40 to 6 vote. No agreement now seems possible, without important concessions by the Russians, which they seem unlikely to make, due primarily to their unwillingness to let outsiders behind their iron curtain, lest their weaknesses be revealed to the West, and contact with the West weaken the already insecure hold of the Russian leaders on their own people.

Asked, in the question period, if world government might be the solution, the speaker expressed doubt if it could be. He felt that if the Russians rejected atomic controls. they would not be likely to approve more extensive ties with the West. He felt that neither the United World Federalist nor the Federal Union programs were promising solutions; the differences between the nations were too great. But he offered no solution himself, of the growing tension between Russia and her satellites and the democratic world. The one hope he offered was that the "free" nations of Europe might recover, with our aid, sufficiently to discourage Russia's ambitions for world revolution, and make some kind of a working arrangement for atomic controls possible.

He stated that even a 70 group air force, the world's largest navy, a large conscripted army and a big stockpile of atomic bombs could not offer us security against atomic weapons. And it was universally agreed that the Russians would be able to make atomic bombs, if they are not already doing so. Yet he had no hopeful plan to offer to prevent World War III.

In closing the meeting this writer, acting as chairman, said that he felt we could not afford to accept such a conclusion; that it is up to each one of us to decide in his own mind what is the most promising program for prevention of World War III and regardless of the difficulties which it offers, do all he or she can to further adoption of that plan. In view of the destructiveness of the new weapons, and our own vulnerability to them, we cannot do less.

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First among the great emperors of the Aztecs was Itzcoatl (1360?-1440).

Big Sur Talks

By IWIS

The Big Sur country has a touch of spring to it these days—it's in the air, the hills are green and people are thinking of sulphur and sun baths again at Slates.

Status of Doug Madsen's Art Gallery still up in the air while the county Planning Commission, wrestles with the question of just what is an Art Gallery and when does it degenerate into a gift shop, etc. etc.

David Tolerton's house, built by him alone over a two year period, so beautiful, so full of a sort of rhythm and vitality, to see it is to see a work of art. It stands on a ledge with the ocean some 1500 feet below, miles of coastline can be seen from the windows. Their house warming over the Holidays brought most of Big Sur out, even in the rain.

Up above the Tolertons on Partington Ridge, the Nicholas Roosevelts have just finished adding a room to the house they built before the war, and which do you think cost more....the pre-war house or the post-war room? You almost guessed it, the house by a small margin.

Traveling on up Partington Ridge, the bounding broomstick passes over the perenially interesting estate of sculptor, Harry Dick Ross and his novelist wife, Lillian Bos Ross, the studio of Louisa Jenkins, the house and workshop of Henry Miller (that quiet little man, so domesticated, with a charming wife and two children-it's hard to believe that he is one of the most influential literary figures in Europe today—or so they say.)

Farther up, just above the Millers lives Maud Oakes, a new arrival, then much farther up is the home of the man who personifies Big Sur, Frank Trotter, of the fabulous Trotter brothers. Their father walked into Big Sur in 1892, married a Pfeiffer (in this country you're either related to an old pioneer family or you're forever a foreigner). Old Father Sam Trotter, a genial man of 267 pounds and a laught that could be heard for miles, did the work that people wanted done, felling trees, building cabins, making roads, the work that Frank and his brother, Walter, carry on with (they were dynamiting roads at the age of twelve) Frank Trotter, the greatest single individual in our country, big, rugged, genial, conscientious and he can figure out any problem of construction or engineering, working every day in the year on a cess pool or a cabinet. There's always a backlog of things to do.

Beyond the Trotters stands a house of Jaime d'Angulo, brilliant linguist and scholar, the house now sadly empty while Jaime convalesces in Sausalito from a rare disease.

Above Jaime's is the rustic estate of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, complete with swimming pool, new house, and the indispensable jeep. Self-sufficient Sammy lives far above this world literally, and can and does hie himself off into the forest for days with no one the wiser.

From Partington Ridge to movie making is just a jump in our country. They're shooting a a documentary film down below Lucia. Actual story of two Navy men, shipwrecked on an Aleutian island. They're getting real Aleutian weather thsee days too.

Talk, and MOORE Talk

"Around Home in Carmel Valley"

Billie (she's my best girl) and I had just barely made it to the dinner table for this issue—had our usual cup of coffee well in hand—when there came a rapping, a gentle tapping at our chamber door. I opened the door, and Clarence Castro, our genial Airway Marketeer, much winded, much perturbed, practically collapsed in the middle of our dinner talk. His news—brought from the highway some distance from the house, across the river and through the woods—proved an exciting beginning to the column and a fitting end to a very erratic week. Billie's car, left parked on a sloping cutoff, had rolled across the Valley highway and was lodged on a steep embankment some 75 feet above the river. Only a small curbing held the undercarriage and kept it from plunging riverward. Luckily, Clarence knew the car—miraculously, he carried flares and lit the scene to prevent a more serious accident. May the angels bless you, Clarence, my friend. And as for you, Billie Paddock, I think we'll make a wonderful pair. The absent-minded Moore and his even more—

Yes, I know. But as I was saying to Julie, "If Larry hadn't come up just as I was parking, and if there had been a proper turn-off from the county road—and

Ooops! Hold it—I surrender, dear. Let's not go into the Valley's topic-of-the-decade—we'll leave that to the Committee and Mr. Cozzens, our County Engineer. In the meantime, we'd better start talking, or we'll never get You told about our flag-raising, house-raising and dog-raising experiences.

Speaking of dogs, it's been one Dane thing after another at Virgil and Helen Partch's up Robles Del Rio way. You know, Larry, that Virgil's Great Dane Ajax got into bad company and in the spirit of fun ran a neighbor's cow to a very unfunny demise. Ajax was sent South for his health, which left Virgil with only Medea, his other Great Dane. This was only temporary, because some Dane friend sent him another to keep Medea company. Then, things really popped. It seems John Steinbeck had wanted a large dog, so Virgil asked him to look at Sir B, the new arrival. John responded happily until the dog bit him hello. John was a little disconcerted, but not discouraged. After all, the dog was readjusting—he'd been in a kennel for a whole year, hadn't he? But—maybe he'd like to think it over. As Steinbeck sat in his car bidding Helen and Virgil adieu, Sir B jumped up and bit him goodbye. John was definitely discouraged. But then neighbor Howard Bjorkman, undisturbed by these reports, and being deeply interested in dog psychology, offered to take on the job of readjusting Sir B.

And from there on we should make it a bite-by-bite account. At last count, Sir B. had five mouthfuls on his readjustment allowance—the latest being Howard's just-tall-enough, lovely blonde sister, Norma Johnson, Norma will recover, but 'tis rumored Sit B. is thinking of joining for his health, don't you know.

Sheriff Hornbuckle of Santa Clara County reports that it is just as healthy and peaceful there as here in the Valley. Leastways, that's what he told our favorite Deputy Sheriff "Tiny" Marrs when he visited him last week. Tiny says that you can get every kind of weather in the valley—heat, cold and permanent—but it seems like nobody's whipped up a good crime wave as yet.

Maybe not—but somebody did a flag wave at the last monthly meeting of the Valley Business and Professional Association. Norman Marshall, postmaster of the new post office remarked that he had two flags for the flagpole. Ralph Stean, builder, said he felt the new fire house should also have a flag pole, and he'd put it up at cost. What's more, he'd donate the flag for it. Paul Porter offered a second flag for it, and Louis Moore (no relation, lucky man) made it three. Harry Tanous, manager of Murphy's Lumber Yard, got into the spirit of the thing and gave the pipe to make the pole to wave the flags on; the Association donated the cash for tackle to raise them on high—and Hayd Levi and Col. George Ferch were appointed a committee to arrange proper dedication ceremonies on either of the Birthdays--Feb. 12th or 22nd. Long may they

There's no doubt that working together gets things done, Larry, Let's hope it works as well on some other projects. I like the action taken by you fellows on the $90,000. School Bond Issue. Sending those postcards to every registered voter reminding them that it takes two-thirds of the votes cast to pass the Issue will no doubt bring the voters out to show their Yes is in the right place.

I know ours will be—we need that school, and I have a feeling we'll get it. I'd like to nominate the Business and Professional Association for the topic-of-the-week spot for boosting this project and many another needed community service, it makes me feel rather good to be a part of it. The issues before the meeting have been almost exclusively civic and has involved personal labor, thought and cash outlay above and beyond the duty of a business man or woman. They really constitute a Carmel Valley Councik of Civic Unity, and may well be called its founding fathers.

And mothers, don't forget Irene Baldwin, Betty An Scherman Jo Ann Smith and many other femme member.

Not likely to—with you on the other side of the table. But it does look as if we'll have to forget the Fiesta de los Amigos meetings until another issue. Yep, that's what we decided to call the Carmel Valley Fun Day, which is now set for Sunday, June 5th, a Day of Friends. In Case you see little lights in your front yard, or hear noises in the night—don't be alarmed—it's probably Grant Risdon leading his committee around trying to find a suitable location for the fiesta. Tis rumored that the betting is a bit on the heavy side as to where it will be and no takers.

THE MOORES

P.S. It seems we were about to put away our coffee cups without telling you about Larry and "Butch," his jeep.

Larry was driving into Monterey on Fremont Extension, when Butch's right front wheel and part of the—let's see—oh, yes, the universal joint--came off and went meandering across the Del Monte Golf Course just opposite. Larry and Butch, a bit surprised and a little out of control from the shock of losing such an important part, meandered down the dirt shoulder about 100 feet, crashed through a wooden fence and dropped nose first over the stone wall onto El Estero Street, about 10 feet below. Butch will have a few permanent scars, but Larry was a little luckier—just a bit sore from head to foot. You might call this our after-dinner mint, but the garage man said that if the car had been properly lubricated and those worn parts—

And you might call it Billie, having her last word. (Groan) from me, Larry.

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Carmagnole, was the name given to the costume of the French Revolutionists, which consisted of a wide-collared jacket, wide black pantaloons, red cap, and scarlet or tri-colored waistcoat (adopted from workmen of Carmagnola in the Piedmont).

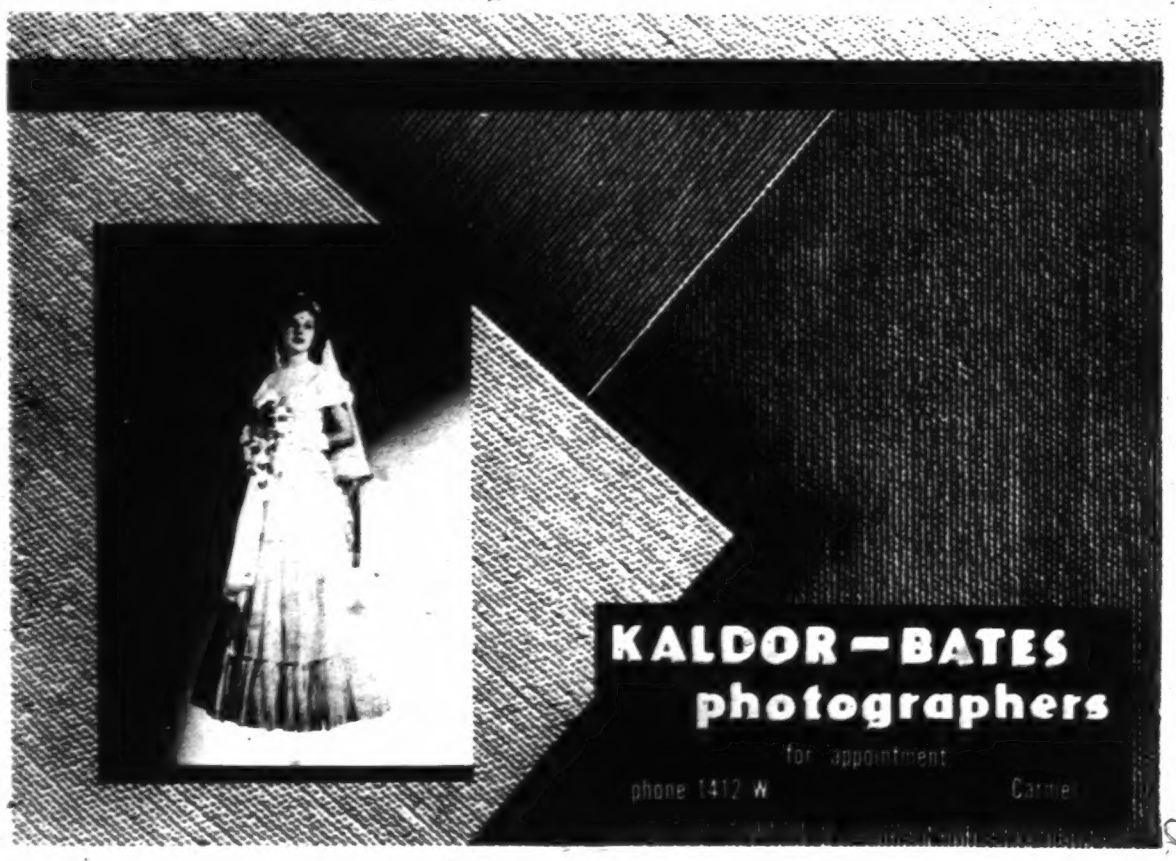
Peninsula Boasts Band

Band conductor, Melvin E. Buffo, was joined by 11 persons recently and plans were laid for the organization of a large Monterey Peninsula Band. There are going to be many gala public affairs during the next year at which a community adult band would be a great asset. The new Music Building at the corner of Pacific and Martin Streets will be open within the next few weeks, and here the new adult music groups will meet to prepare for public concerts.

The group is open to all qualified men or women of college age or above. Drums will be furnished but interested personnel should have their own musical instruments. Clarinet, saxophone and trombone players are needed to fill out the instrumentation. Mr. Buffo invites all players of band instruments or former players to join the group. If non-players, civic-minded and interested in the cultural growth of the community, will help to encourage musicians they know to join the group, it will

they know to join the group, it will not be long before there will be an organization of 50 players discovered in this community of fifty thousand.

Until the new building is opened, the group will meet in room 11 of the high school every Thursday evening from 7:30 to 9:30.



The Carmel SPECTATOR THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1949

If Lincoln Spoke Now

By A. POWELL DAVIES

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Undoubtedly, the best way -- perhaps the only way - of knowing what Lincoln might say if he spoke now is to recall what he actually did say under the stress of almost equally oppressive circumstances. In addition, we must be as certain as possible that in applying his principles to new conditions, we do not depart from his basic thinking. In Lincoln's case, this is not as difficult as might at first appear. Whatever may be true of men of lesser stature, the great characters of history seldom leave us much in doubt on any vital point. They speak not only to their own time but to every time, and what is chiefly needed is to give them a voice.

Only Walt Whitman saw this with equal clearness, and no one else at all has been so surely guided by it, as Lincoln was, in directing the affairs of state. He saw with perfect clearness that freedom cannot live unless it grows. Something is always growing in the world; if it is not freedom, then it must be something opposed to freedom, which means that it must be one measure or another of tyranny.

Lincoln saw this with perfect plainness and knew that a world just as surely as a nation could not in the end endure, half-slave, half-free. He spoke of a nation because it was a nation he was dealing with. But by the same logic, it was obvious that his statement could be true of any human society, even a society of nations. He was far from unaware of this. He foresaw that the question would ultimately have to be decided on a universal basis. That is why it was important, not just for the American Union, but for all mankind that "government of the people, by the people, for the people should not perish from the earth."

As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy. - Lincoln, letter 1858.

If there is any doubt that this was the scope of Lincoln's thought, a single quotation will readily remove it. It was while he was on his way to Washington to take up his first term as President, that he stopped briefly in Philadelphia, and there, in Independence Hall, was unexpectedly required to make a short address.

THE TIME HAS COME

This is what he said-extemporaneously - and it must have represented what welled up from his deepest convictions as he moved to take up the greatest responsibility before him: "I have often inquired of myself," he said, "what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. (He was referring, of course, not to the Southern States' Confederacy, which was not yet organized as such, but to the United States.) It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time."

The meaning of this is unequivocal. Freedom in the end cannot be divided. And, if Lincoln were to speak now, I believe that is the first thing he would repeat. He would repeat it in the new expanded context of a world struggle. What he saw to be coming has actually arrived - perhaps sooner than he thought and almost certainly more painfully and bloodily. But the time has come. "A house divided against itself," whether the house is a nation or a world, "cannot stand." Nor can there remain a world, "half-slave, half-free."

It seems, therefore, that there could be no reasonable doubt of where Lincoln would stand on American initiative in world affairs. He tried to prevent war between the conflicting states and he would try to prevent it in the world.

In carrying out this policy, Lincoln would of course be patient and cautious, careful of his timing, and in all things studious to be temperate and prudent. That was his habit - as it was also his conscious aim. But there would have been no doubt of his intention, or, so far as he could influence it, the intention of the nation.

Freedom would be, not an apologetic but a dynamic, growing and spreading, and tyranny would have to reckon with it, everywhere throughout the world.

Nor would Lincoln have been timid in urging the claims of a progressive democracy, whether within the nation or beyond it. He had a thought-through faith in it. He saw perfectly clearly that democracy was an experiment - and a daring one. He knew the sort of people who had to be depended upon to make it work. More than Jefferson, who hoped for a great deal from structural and constitutional safeguards, Lincoln realized the facts. He knew their blindness, their thoughtlessness, their fickleness, their impatience - knew them so well that he did not expect to get a second term as President.

Nothing that anyone can say today in criticism of democracy would be new to Lincoln. Yet this was the man who took a whole nation through the valley of the shadow of death, which he himself did not survive in the hope that "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth." Why?

AMERICA'S DESTINY

Because he knew that whatever its faults and perils, only democracy could light the path of progress, or bring the people lasting peace. He knew that it would demand greater things of human nature, but he knew, too, that it was better to meet this demand. To refuse it would bring degradation and defeat, oppression and misery. Democracy was America's contribution to human destiny: liberty was to be America's gift to the world.

If Lincoln spoke now, he would say that the time has come to make this contribution; that we must have faith in our own leadership and vindicate it by the honesty not only of our aims but of the way we follow them; that we must prove our democracy by our practices as well as exalt it by our proclamations; and that in all these things we must have a quiet confidence in the God he called "a Spirit in the Life," through whom both men and nations can be guided in the paths of justice, liberty and peace.

YOUNG GOP ATTACKS P.O.

"Are complaints against the postal service in the Monterey Peninsula area justified or unjustified?"

Praise or complaints concerning the local postal service are invited from the public by the Executive Committee of the Monterey Peninsula Young Republican Club for their investigation to determine the answer.

This action follows a preliminary report by the Local Affairs Committee of the Young Republican Club pointing out that there have been repeated complaints of slow inter-post office service, for example two days for first class mail between the Monterey and San Francisco Peninsulas. Also questions have been raised concerning despatch of mail in accordance with posted schedules particularly over week ends, promptness in the distribution of magazine mail, any possible overriding of merit considerations by political considerations in the hiring and promotion of postal employees, and whether there are any instances where old John Barleycorn might have had a hand in some service problems.

"The postal system has maintained some fine traditions in public service," this preliminary report declares, "and the postal service and the great body of faithful and efficient postal employees are entitled to public protection against any undermining by hardening ruthlessness in New Deal spoils activities after sixteen years of entrenched political greed.

"The public and especially postal employees are invited to address to the Local Affairs Committee, Monterey Peninsula Young Republican Club, P.O. Box 807, Monterey, letters setting forth facts either in praise or criticism based on the writer's first hand experience. The particular post office concerned should be specified--whether Monterey, Seaside, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Pebble Beach, Carmel, the Carmel Valley service of the Monterey post office, or Robles del Rio. Signed letters are preferred but anonymous communications will be accepted in the case of adverse comments in view of possible New Deal threat of reprisals."

Empty Seats Greet Chorus

By NOEL SULLIVAN

In my long life of concert going, I have often had occasion to wonder why sometimes there was an auditorium crowded to capacity, when for another occasion the prominence of empty seats proved to be oppressive. There are many explanations of this: the type of attraction; its quality and caliber; the management and the publicity, the weather! But in the last analysis the recognition of an opportunity as worthwhile or otherwise stands to the credit or discredit of the surrounding community.

I am sorry to say that the "great art center" of Carmel made a very poor showing at the Sunset Auditorium last Friday evening, when for the benefit of the heating of the high school pool, for which the Lions Club had pledged themselves to raise funds, the Occidental College Glee Clubs gave a memorably fine performance.

It is regrettable (the radio and newspaper publicity having been adequate) that a uniform admission price not too far in excess of what is spent for a moving picture had not been agreed upon and the tickets widely distributed among groups of people (notably the high school students) who would have been responsible for their sale. This however, is now "water over the wheel."

Inspired Direction

For people of my generation and undoubtedly for those younger, there is something very misleading in the term, "glee club," and it is easy to dismiss its poaccomplishment in the confused remembrance of "school days." But anyone who heard these forty beautiful voices from Occidental College under the inspired direction of Howard Swan, conductor, knows now that as a musical experience, it would be necessary to travel far to have it duplicated and probably only in listening to the Salt Lake Choir could finer singing be heard on the national radio.

The program itself was extensive and comprehensive. Music from the classical and romantic schools was impeccably performed. From the point of view of diction, dynamics, rhythm and nuance nothing was left to desire. Everything was memorized, and the visual impact of a group of handsome young people (the girls clad in gowns which gave the effect of a rainbow lined against the conventional dark clothes of their partners) was in itself well worth the price of admission. On another level, what could be more heartening than to hear and observe the magnificent accomplishment of the gifted youth of this land, whose actual place in the world today is a burning question in the minds of thoughtful people!

The second part of the program was given over entirely to folk songs, mostly those originating from West of the Rockies. alas! was almost literally true during the entire evening. Earlier in the program there had been some fine solo work, the Lia air from Debussy's Enfant Prodigue by Patricia Beems, and Il Mio Tesoro from Mozart's Don Giovanni by William Olvis. Jack Cookerly performed brilliantly on the accordion, and there were indications of gifted pianists as revealed through the accompaniments.

These were performed in different attire (as if the singers were living in pioneer days), and they were grouped informally around the piano, suggesting the complete absence of an audience which.

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Snickersnee - originally "a combat with knives." From snick and snee.

ROAD TO SURVIVAL

Friday night at 8 p.m. in the Sunset Auditorium in Carmel the "weaponer" on the Hiroshima bombing run will speak on "The Atomic Bomb and Survival." He is Dr. Morris R. Jeppson, physicist from the University of California. It was his job to make certain that the Hiroshima bomb exploded.

Dr. Jeppson not only had this assignment, when for the first time in history an atomic bomb was used in warfare, He also helped in production of the bomb. After graduation from the University of Nevada, he joined the Air Force and was sent to Harvard and M.I.T. to study electronics. From there he joined the staff of the Atomic Bomb Development and Testing Program of the Manhattan Project. After that came the Hiroshima assignment. As a result of it he was awarded the Silver Star.

Within the limitations of security regulations Dr. Jeppson will explain problems involved in bomb production, discuss the possibility of other nations making bombs, explain the possibilities of making even more destructive bombs, and review the problems of defense against atomic weapons.

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The Line-up at Sunset School Cafeteria, left to right, Pat Doolittle, Paul Fortessa, Pat Grimshaw, Susan Hussey, Shirley DeAmiral, Dick Hilgers and Robert Soderstrom. Behind the counter are the students helpers who are chosen from the 5th and 6th grades.

Class Room Observer

Two hundred to two hundred and twenty-five a day, five days a week, jolly little, hungry little and yes, noisy little boys and girls line up for lunch in the cafeteria of Sunset School. And Mrs. Mabel Hart is ready for them. Shining trays are stacked within easy reach of even the first graders. The pottery plates on the stainless steel steam table serving ledge are warmed to be 'just right' for small hands, (those sturdy plates are in a variety of lovely soft colors too!

Hot buttered rolls are waiting; salads delectable as any we've seen in the snootiest tea-rooms are as chuck full of eye appeal as they are vitamins; sandwiches that would put a party hostess to shame, and desserts - well, we agree with the boys and girls, they're pretty swell! In other words our visit to the Sunset Cafeteria has created a terrific yearning to be back there again - reading, writing, and - but definitely, eating!!

Mrs. Hart, director of the Cafeteria for the past nine years, is a graduate of Winona State Teachers' College, and taught in elementary schools for ten years before turning to dietetics. She likes and knows children as thoroughly as she knows their nutritional needs. Her menus are varied, balanced and appealing. Sunset Salad (carrot and pineapple in a jello mold) runs close second in popularity with Blushing Pear and cottage cheese salad. Hamburgers, noodles and cheese, creamed tuna on steamed rice, beef stew, rich with gravy and vegetabees these are representative of the week's hot dish variety. Desserts are as varied—ice cream, fruit jello, fruit cake, and fruit cup. There is always milk, white or chocolate, and, just as every child must have something hot, so must every child have his milk.

While teachers on duty in the dining room, and Mrs. Hart herself, keep a watchful eye upon youngsters inclined to waste food or, under-eat, "finishing to the last crumb" is not compulsory. In fact, as we watched the youngsters make their s dections and scurry to the gaily painted tables with their trays, we concluded that very little coaxing was necessary. The plates were invariably brought back empty. Then happy, well-fed boys and girls dashed off to play "til the bell rang."

Mrs. Hart has, besides her two adult assistants, Mrs. Vernita Burgess and Mrs. Emily Jordan, a crew of student help, pupils from the 5th and 6th grades. On duty this term are: Robin Burnham, Tony Grimm, Roger Shields, Roger Newell, Tehani Cheatham, Barbara Pollock, Dolores Yemenes, Sandra Kohner, Gretchen Herron, Mervin Sutton, Cynthia Bliss and Skipper Marquard.

Church Youth In Convention

Over 200 high school youth of the House of Young Churchmen of the Episcopal Diocese of California are meeting this weekend, February 12-13 at St. Mary's-by-the-Sea, Pacific Grove, for their annual Mid-Winter Conference. Miss Betsy Irvine of Pacific Grove, President of the Monterey Convocation of the House of Young Churchmen, will be the official hostess.

The Opening Service of the Conference will be at 11 o'clock Saturday morning with a brief address by the Rev. Alfred B. Seccombe, Carmel, Chairman of Youth Work for the Monterey Convocation. Lunch and business meeting will follow in the afternoon. A banquet will be held that night at which Jim Cooke, Supai Indian Catechist, from the Havasupai Reservation, Grand Canyon, Arizona, will be the principal speaker. Dancing will follow and at eleven o'clock The Rev. Gordon M. Reese will lead a service of preparation for the Holy Communion on Sunday morning.

Delegates to Conference will attend the early service of Holy Communion in the church of the parish in which they have been guests for the night. All delegates will then assemble at 11 o'clock to attend the closing service at St. Mary's-by-the-Sea at which The Rev. Fordyce E. Eastburn, Diocesan Chairman of Youth Work, will preach.

Jim Cooke, the principal speaker, is the first member of Havasupai tribe to be converted to Christianity. Havasupai Reservation is 35 miles west of Grand Canyon Village, and is located in the bottom of Grand Canyon. Last Fall in Life magazine there were some photographs of delivering parts of quonset huts by helicopter to be used as a chapel at the Havasupai Reservation. Jim Cooke is now the lay reader in charge of this chapel. The Rev. T. C. Harris, resident of Pacific Grove and former Pastor of the Community Church Grand Canyon Village, is an old friend of the speakers and had a great influence in the Supai conversion to Christianity. He will be a guest of the Harrises over the weekend.

C.T.A. Considers State Group

Mr. Orville Rogers presided at the meeting held last Wednesday, of the Carmel Teachers Association. A recommendation was presented that the local group join the California Teachers Association as charter members so that closer contact may be maintained. It was pointed out in joining the State Association 7% membership would be required; also permanent legislative, membership and public relations committees be appointed; and that Carmel's present constitution be revised. Mr. Rogers stated that he would appoint a study committee at an early date.

Mr. Arthur Hull, principal of Sunset School reported on the three key bills now before the State legislature: Retirement, Capital Outlay, and Apportionment.

Mr. Donald Craig of Carmel City Council discussed teachers' salaries in relation to local living costs.

The decision was moved and seconded that the Association make a donation to the Dr. E. O. Sisson Memorial Fund. Mrs. Myra Mylar is secretary and treasurer of the Carmel Teachers Association, Mrs. Beatrice Rae, Mrs. Marjorie McCausland, and Mr. John Westover, Publicity.

Dr. Sisson Is Honored

A memorial fund in honor of the late Dr. E. O. Sisson, beloved philosophy instructor who passed away recently, was established by his former students at Monterey Peninsula College this week. The fund will be utilized to purchase philosophy reference volumes for the college library.

Dr. Sisson left his retirement in order to lecture on his favorite subject at MPC during the semester just completed.

hot food plate
Served daily
11:30 A.M. 11:30 P.M.
at
The Village Corner
(Soda Fountain — Buffet)
Carmel

They Came To Carmel To Be Wed

At high noon last Saturday, with Carmel's first sunshine of the week adding glamour to the occasion, Miss Dolores Frances Cullenward, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Cullenward of Berkeley, was married to George H. Scott, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Marshall of Redwood City, in Carmel's Church of the Wayfarer, with the Rev. Dr. K. Fillmore Gray officiating.

Attired in a sheer wool dressmaker suit of turquoise blue and a tiny toque of crushed silk roses matching in color, and carrying a cascade bouquet of white orchids and bouvardia, the bride was given away by her father, Mr. Eric Cullenward, former managing editor of the San Francisco Examiner, now president of the firm of Eric Cullenward and Associates Public Relations, San Francisco.

Her attendants were Mrs. Leona Brian of Berkeley, a former class mate at the University of California, who wore a dressmaker suit of dusty pink crepe with matching hat; and Mrs. Marjorie Fonseca of Sacramento whose silk faille frock was of soft beige. They both carried old fashioned bouquets of pink and violet toned carnations frilled with turquoise blue net.

Richard Cullenward, brother of the bride, acted as best man, while Nelson Cullenward, another brother, and sports writer for the Call Bulletin was a member of the wedding party. (Nelson is a familiar figure on Carmel's surrounding golf courses and has many friends in town.)

Mrs. Cullenward, mother of the bride, was attired in forest green and wore navy blue with a corsage of gardenias.

Ballerina Off To N.Y.

Carmel will be losing its prima ballerina this week when Mary Burr enplanes for New York to join the Ballet Theatre Company.

Rehearsals will begin there February 28th and the season will include a three weeks tour plus a three weeks engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mary, who is under contract with the Ballet Theatre has been teaching here for the past five months, and will return to resume her classes at the conclusion of the Ballet Theatre's season.

Plans are in the making for a two to three week engagement in London at Covent Garden.

Rectory Has Open House

Invitations have been issued by the Rev. Mr. Alfred B. Seccombe and Mrs. Seccombe for a housewarming and reception to be held in the new rectory of All Saints Episcopal Church next Friday afternoon in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Hart of Pebble Beach, who presented the rectory to All Saints Church for the use of Mr. Seccombe and his family.

Among the honor guests expected next Friday, friends of the Seccombe's and members of the parish, are included the Rt. Rev. Karl Morgan Block, Bishop of California and Rev. and Mrs. Bernard Lovgren, Mr. Lovgren is Dean of Grace Cathedral, San Francisco.

The new Rectory is located at the corner of Atherton and Mesa Drives, it is easily identified by its bright red door.

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Editorial

IN THE COLUMNS OF THIS NEWSPAPER you will find an article recently released by the Executive Committee of the Monterey Peninsula Young Republican Club. At first reading we were inclined to consign the article to the waste basket. On second thought, as our gorge began to rise, we decided to print the article so our readers could see for themselves to what lengths an embittered minority could attain.

THE OPENING PARAGRAPHS ARE INNOCUOUS ENOUGH. As a matter of fact, we can see no objection to anyone requesting an inquiry into the methods of operation of our government or any of its policies. If an impersonal and unbiased inquiry was to be made locally and evidence was produced to conclusively show that our postal system was remiss on any count we would be the first to support the demand that something be done about it.

WHAT WE SPECIFICALLY OBJECT TO (and we would just as vociferously object if the shoe were on the other foot) is the accusation that, the political party now in power is guilty of ruthlessness in New Deal spoils activities after sixteen years of entrenched political greed" and the even more inflamatory accusation that a citizen might hesitate to sign his name to any adverse criticism "in view of possible New Deal reprisals."

SUCH MUD THROWING we find distasteful and more than a little savoring of below-the-belly tactics that we usually associate with less intelligent and muddle-minded thinking.

WE HAVE ENTERTAINED THE IDEA that the Young Republican Club would aid materially in bringing about a renaissance of the G.O.P., which we believe would be a healthy condition for the nation, but, if this is an example of the methods they are going to use, we will be forced to consign our hopes to the waste basket along with the article which deserves no better fate.

WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE that the impasse that has hampered the development of the Carmel Boy's Club has been dissipated to the point that a well defined policy will shortly be put into effect. At a recent meeting of the Executive Board of the Boy's Club it was decided to take immediate action to secure proper housing for the Club, a need which has steadily become more pressing. Ways and means to secure adequate housing have been discussed and a definite plan is now under way.

THIS WILL PERMIT THE BOY SCOUTS to have unlimited jurisdiction over the Scout House which, until recently, was to be shared with the Boy's Club. Decks are now clear for action in every direction and we should shortly have some very encouraging reports to make from both the Boy's Club and the Boy Scouts of Troop 86, who will maintain the Scout House which for long has been more of a hazard than an asset to anyone.

IT IS ALSO ENCOURAGING TO REPORT that the men who comprise the Executive Board of the Boy's Club are making determined efforts to discourage proselytizing which up to now had been one of the complaints registered against the Boy's Club from other youth movements. Although the age limit at present includes boys from the ages of 13 through 18, it is felt that young men who are temperamentally inclined toward scouting will not be weaned away from the Boy Scout movement if undue pressures are not exerted.

WHAT THE BOY'S CLUB BOARD SINCERELY DESIRES is that unity and an early meeting of the CYO, Boy Scouts and the Boy's Club is now being arranged. Together these organizations can be a powerful influence for good in the community. Let's give them our full and well-merited support.

AN INCIDENT HAPPENED in our little community last week that made considerable smoke and we mean this in both the literal and figurative sense. It is not our intention to step willfully on anyone's toes but we do have a healthy curiosity and we'd be interested to know the answers to the problem that has arisen out of the above mentioned incident.

A FIRE, WHICH BEGAN on property which is located on Ridgewood Road and therefore just outside the city limits, grew to such proportions that an alarm was sent in. Except for a routine check of the fire, which could have been accomplished in a matter of minutes, the incident could have ended there. Unfortunately it does not end there because, when the alarm was given, the property owners were informed that City apparatus could not be used to extinguish fires outside the city limits.

COUNTY APPARATUS answered the call and put the fire out, but at considerable inconvenience since water could not be used from the nearest water main (also on city property). Fortunately the elements were unfavorably disposed toward fires and helped to mitigate what otherwise would have been a much more dangerous conflagration.

IT SEEMS TO US that the City fathers are following an unwise line of reasoning here in prohibiting city apparatus from answering calls whose propinquity to the city lines makes any fire a hazard to the entire community.

Pianist Gets Plaudits

Perhaps it is always good to go to a concert as unprepared for a thrilling performance as was last week's piano recital given by Joseph Battista. This concert, given under the auspices of the Pacific Grove Community Concert Association was the second in the series being presented by that organization this season.

Battista is a comparatively new name on the musical firmament but one which has a bright future, if last week's performance is any criterion. By keeping your eyes and ears open you are ever so often faced with the encouraging fact that each season produces its bounty of unusual and gifted artists of which Mr. Battista is a good example.

Pyrotechnician of the Keyboard

This pyrotechnician of the keyboard began his career just a bit over ten years ago when he won the Youth Contest of the Philadelphia Orchestra which led to an appearance with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia

Ormandy and the Philadelphia orchestra in 1939. Like a great many artists, this young pianist's career came to an abrupt end at the outbreak of the war and as a consequence almost five precious years were cut out of his reasonable expectancy as a performing artist.

During the past three years he has made rapid strides to recover the lost ground and seems safely embarked upon a career of prodigal virtuosity.

Excited Audience

All eight hundred and more musical enthusiasts who crammed themselves into the Pacific Grove High School Auditorium to hear this young prodigy were thoroughly convinced long before the last group had been played that they had heard a remarkable demonstration of dynamic playing. The excited audience reflected the persuasive enthusiasm of the artist who, with power and musicianship and extraordinary technical facility provided a most exciting evening.

Repertoire Varied

The program included a varied and interesting repertoire and severely tested the full limits of both technique and musical understanding. In the first group Battista's playing of the Beethoven Sonata in F Minor (Appassionata) was especially impressive and adened to fit perfectly into the stormy and passionate temperament of the artist.

Moments later however he showed us another side of his nature in a delightfully fresh and appealing version of Schubert's Country Dances. Chopin's Andante Spianato Et Grande Polonaise Brillante was of course played with all the natural fire and intensity that you expect from this hardy perennial.

Mr. Battista is very much at home in the modern idiom as he demonstrated with the playing of Samuel Barber's "Excursions" which have been called, "a refined boogie-woogie," (very modern in style though sonorously tuneful).

Mephisto Waltz in a Breeze

What the audience waited for with baited breath was the tour de force of the evening, the famous (outrageously so) Mephisto Waltz by Franz Liszt. This diabolical excursion of a composers obsessed desire to create music for the piano that is next to imposible to play was treated in cavalier fashion by the young virtuoso. Had Liszt been in the audience, he might very well have picked an opportune moment to faint rather than admit that the tricks had been accomplished with aplomb. In all truth it was a masterful performance.

The Kreisler-Rachmaninoff "Liebesfreud" was played with the insouciance that makes it a charming morsel of musical enchantment and Poulenc's "Presto" in B-flat were played with vigor and style, precisely perfect material for young Battista.

When the final note of the last encore filtered out into nothingness, we went away with the wonderful, feeling that we had made a new and rich discovery. To the musically inclined there is nothing perhaps more satisfying than the feeling of discovery.

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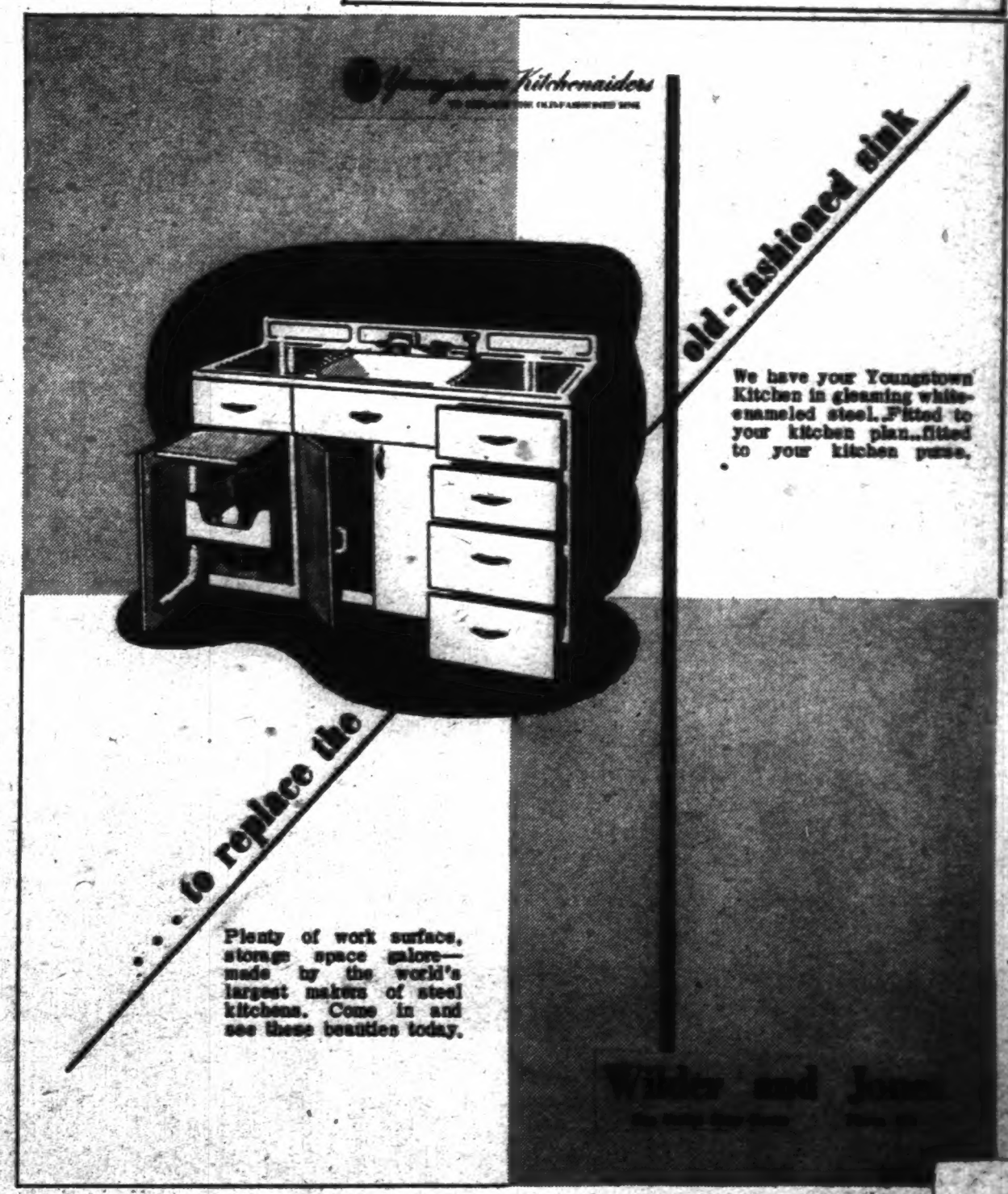

Valentine
IS A FASHION WORD IN '49

Carmel's Shops present Valentine Fashions that will be good all through Spring and Summer 1949, because, not in many a year have clothes been so utterly feminine, soft and alluring. So it's Valentines to you for fashion leadership. The current Vogue says "Good fashion is all across America in the clothes that belong where they live...and are pleasing to your own particular public."

If you dress for the Carmel scene you will find your fashions right here in town. All year round Carmel's stylists and fashion buyers are scouting the studios of the leading designers, anticipating the trends and buying - just for you. Clothes that are casual for Carmel's sunny casual days, clothes that are sophisticated for jaunts to town, party duds for dancing and romancing. If you are seeking fashion individuality attuned to your Carmel date book, shop here in Carmel where the clothes are meant for you.

Here are a few little tips on big spring fashions:- Little checks are the big spring pattern...Sailor hats are at a new angle, the sharp right angle...the Cardigan is rising to a new high in popularity...Shirtwaist dresses - yes, yes, yes! Polka dots are everywhere, in prints on silk, woven into wools... Separates, skirts, blouses, slacks may be, with utter assurance, swapped, matched and mis-matched to your heart's content.

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V - Lucina Creations by Iskin, styled for Carmel fashions. The necklace: $14.75, earrings $8.25, lapel pin $14.40 at the Carmel Jewelers, Ocean near Mission. Phone 488-M

A - A party dress for a pretty Miss, made of washable, pure silk, priced: $14.95 at the Carmel Kiddie Shop, Ocean near Dolores, Phone 1799W.

L - A Wembley Plaid by Izod of London, 100% wool in black, green and white. Beret $9.75, Bag $12.95, Top Coat $57.50. The suit as pictured, $79.95 at The Country Shop, Ocean near Lincoln, Phone 400

E - A new departure in Sweaters, a blouse sweater with short sleeves and the neat buttoned front. Comes in mauve, lilac, apricot, white and other colors. Priced $6.95 at Harriet Duncan's, Sixth and Lincoln, Phone 1467-J

N - The New Portrait Neckline blouse, styled by Sidney Heller in silk crepe, comes in navy, green, toast, aqua; priced $10.95 at Carmel Dress Shop, Ocean near Dolores, Phone 672

T - The "Pack-it", a bright ribbon hat for country or casual wear, ideal to match with summer cottons, charming with sweaters and skirts. Priced $5.50 at the Cinderella Shop, Ocean near the Bank of Carmel,

I - A filmy blouse in Batiste and Lace created by Miss Pat in sizes ten to sixteen and priced at from $4.98 to $5.98 at Gladys McCloud's Shop for Girls and Teens, Dolores near Ocean, Phone 395-J

N - Mother and daughter nighties, available in either "shortie" or full length styles and priced from $6.95 to $8.95 at the Silver Thimble, Dolores near Ocean, Phone 1410

E - Snap-on, Whip-off GLAMOUR HAT Fits any head, any occasion. Textured rayon jersey, stone studded. Colors include flame, grey, navy, gold and sixteen other colors. Priced $6.95 at Denslows, Lincoln near Ocean, Phone 198

S - The "Dream" opera shoe by Palizzio, America's best fitting best looking pump with the new french heel. Made from finest suede and priced at $18.95 at the Village Shoe Tree, Dolores near Sixth, Phone 613-W

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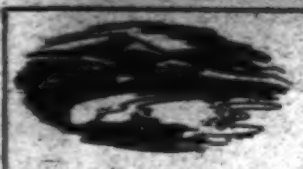
A Place To Live : Travel Information : Gifts



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6:40 am	3:40 pm	7:10 am	4:15 pm
7:30 "	4:35 "	7:50 "	4:55 "
8:05 "	5:10 "	8:40 "	5:30 "
9:00 "	5:30 "	9:20 "	6:10 "
9:40 "	6:25 "	10:15 "	6:40 "
10:35 "	7:10 "	11:10 "	7:45 "
11:35 "	8:05 "	11:55 "	8:30 "
12:10 pm	9:00 "	12:30 pm	9:20 "
12:45 "	9:40 "	1:15 "	10:00 "
1:35 "	10:30 "	1:35 "	10:50 "
2:10 "	11:15 "	2:45 "	11:40 "
3:00 "		3:20 "	

☆ Running Time 15 Minutes ☆

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....and they all get to Carmel...

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DEL MONTE LODGE: Mr. and Mrs. Boulder Hudgins, Greenwich, Connecticut; Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Newman, Yonkers, New York; Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Butler, Oakland; Dr. and Mrs. K. J. Thompson, Piedmont, California; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bailey, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Burrows, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene E. Farny, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Henderson, San Francisco; Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Metvor with their sons Bob and Bill Metvor, Piedmont, California; Mrs. A. h. Withrow, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Frank T. Heffelfinger, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Underhill, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Norling, Denver, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. Philip C. Morse, San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Eccles, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Benning and Mr. A. E. Benning, and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Fall-eating, all of Ogden, Utah, spending 3 weeks at the Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. John B. Nickel (Nancy Burkett), Los Banos, California; Honeymooning, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Seevers, San Francisco; Dr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton Sherman, Jr., (Dr. Mary Jane Jensen) - also honeymooning. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Moulton, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Moulton, Jr., San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moore, Jr., San Francisco.

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HOTEL LA RIBERA: Mr. and Mrs. William Reid, Berkeley, celebrating their first wedding anniversary at La Ribera where they honeymooned a year ago. Dr. and Mrs. Darrel Overpeck, Fresno; Mrs. Roland M. Klemme, St. Louis, Missouri; Mrs. D. S. Muldrew, Vancouver, B.C.; Mr. Dudley C. Smith, Tryon, North Carolina; Mrs. C. W. Nelson and daughter, Glencoe, Illinois; Mrs. James Roberts, Memphis, Tennessee;

Eye Openers

Perhaps you've visited them all, the haughty shops of Bond Street, the glittering jewel boxes of Rue de la Paix, the antique shops of Madison Avenue, the fashion shops of Post Street or Wilshire Boulevard...But! the shops of Carmel! Their quaint exteriors will fascinate you, their informal friendly atmosphere warm your heart....their unique merchandise delight you.

Along Carmel's sunny ways you will find gifts from every corner of the world, for every age and taste, and within reach of every budget!

Have you seen the exquisite hand-made dresses for infants and toddlers, of Fuji Silk? They are imported direct from China, the perfect gift for the most important baby in your life! The same shop carries bewitching Indian-made "Jingle Mox," - yes, they jingle merrily, and of all glove-soft leather. They are ideal for sturdy busy toddlers. Infants to size 13.

Searching for a gift for the "tailored type" - there's a brand new collection of imported leather bags and purses in town. The absolute knock-out is a combination of saddle calf and tartan plaid. Four different Clan plaids are available...and right there you'll see hand-wrought jewelry made right here on the Peninsula.

"The Bride Gets Mad" aprons designed by a Carmel artist are the cutest darn things you've ever seen...her smocks, blouses, skirts and slacks, to say nothing of her house and garden shoes are amusing, original and practical as all get-out!

Perhaps being in the vacation mood, you have a yen for an entirely "new" and different profile! There is a hair dresser in town whose reputation for theatrical hair-do's is going across the country. What he can do, not only to your hair, but to your facial contours, with a s-w-i-s-h here and a sleek pat there is amazing!

Are there just two of you here on a trip? Bride and groom? Celebrating an anniversary? Parent and child? If you are in search of an utterly different gift for someone who loves you both - there is a studio in town that makes a specialty of photographic studies of "doubles" - they are beautiful, and make a gift rich in lasting quality. The studio is right in the middle of town....

Are you vacationing in one of Carmel's gay cottages or apartments? You will want to find quickly and easily, the nicest easiest things to cook. Frozen foods such as you've never heard of before will give you real vacation, soul-satisfying menus. One shop in town has the greatest variety we've ever put an icey finger on, - they'll deliver too! Further! If you're a fresh fruit and vegetable fiend, - there they are, and Carmel Valley preserves, and all kinds of bread to go-with... Honestly, it's the spot that makes catering to the hungry away from home real fun!

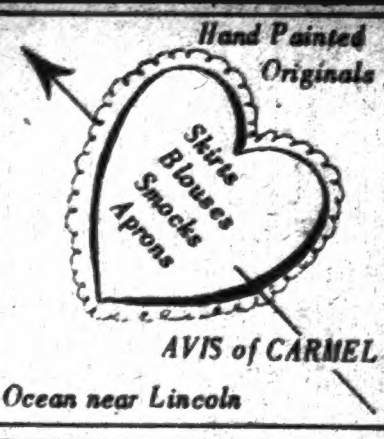
Don't eat too much...just don't overdo that "Cheerio" business, but if you do, well there is always massage, vapor baths and general toning. Carmel is very pleased with its Health Center, available to both men and women by appointment. If your poundage is just a burden and a misery...if you are too boney, or too lush, there is an expert in town, with exclusive equipment who will take it off or put it on, as you like it.

Incidentally, you are lucky if you need a permanent, on Ocean Avenue is a specialist whose year-after-year clients cross the continent to keep appointments in his salon.

And don't, for goodness sake,, waste one minute of irritation over the laundry...bundle it up, drive one minute off Ocean Avenue and take it to where, in less than an hour it will come out sparkling fresh, "bone" dry, and there are ironers available.

So, although, we've given you a slight picture of the town's eye-openers, we hope you will enjoy every minute of living and shopping in Carmel and we hope you will take home gifts that really have that Carmel something, radiant good health, and happy memories.

For specific information, and where to find "Eye-Openers" call Eye-Opener Editor, Carmel 1040.



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point interest

CARMEL MISSION - On Rio Road south of Santa Lucia Avenue. Founded in 1770 by Father Junipero Serra who is buried there.

17-MILE DRIVE. CARMEL GATE - To Pebble Beach and Drive. San Antonio Avenue. Sign on Ocean Avenue towards beach.

POINT LOBOS STATE PARK- 3 miles south on Coast Highway.

CARMEL STAGE OFFICE - 6th and Junipero Sts. Pacific Greyhound and Bay Rapid Transit. Ph. 15.

CARMEL ART GALLERIES- Dolores and 6th. Open 2-5 P. M.

POST OFFICE- Dolores and 6th. Phone 917.

CARMEL PUBLIC LIBRARY- Ocean and Lincoln.

FIRE ALARM - Fire House - Phone Carmel 100.

POLICE DEPARTMENT - Phone 131.

Worship

All Saints Episcopal Church
Monte Verde and Ocean Avenue

Communion 8 A.M.
Sunday School 9:30 A.M.
Sermon and Service 11 A.M.
(Nursery care for small children)

Church of the Wayfarer
Lincoln between Ocean and 7th

Services 9:30 A.M. and 11 A.M.
Sunday School 9:30 and 11 A.M.
(Nursery care for small children during 11 o'clock service)

Carmel Mission
One half mile south of Carmel on Dolores St.

Masses at 8 A.M. and 11 A.M.

First Church of Christ, Scientist
Monte Verde and 5th

Sunday School 9:30 A.M.
Services 11 A.M. Sunday
8 P.M. Wednesday

Services : Tips To Tourist : Fun and Food

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Dining DIFFERENTLY

So, you've come to Carmel. For its beauty...its fairways...its beaches and forests...and surely for its fun and food.

No matter what your mood may be, your appetite, your budget, you may dine differently, and delightfully—in Carmel.

Happily, the hotel dining rooms are open to the public, and each has its individual appeal.

Within a stone's throw of the beach and just off Ocean Avenue is the Mayor's own hostelry, the pride of Carmel's citizens. Its spacious and sunny dining room, great panoramic windows face the sea, affording a view no visitor should forego. Breakfast and dinner are served.

A ten minute ride 'down the Coast, a one minute, winding, climb, and you've reached an Inn whose gay dining room affords a view of mountains and sea unequalled throughout the world. Breakfast and dinner are served.

You may have breakfast, luncheon or dinner in the famous hotel on Ocean avenue, in the amusing circular dining room with its birdcage wall paper, or on sunny days, al fresco, in the patio with its surroundings of quaint, colorful shops.

Almost opposite the Church of the Wayfarer, beloved by brides and grooms from "everywhere", you will find, in the beautiful hotel of authentic Spanish architecture, a dining room of quiet dignity and charm. Breakfast, dinner and luncheon are served, and very likely you'll run into a and very likely you'll run into a wedding feast. The newely weds and their party just run from across the street.

Then there are the "little" restaurants, whose walls are covered with the works of renowned painters and photographers, where Carmel's artists, writers and musicians foregather, their names and atmosphere are as different and original as their foods. "Home" "he-man", Mexican or sea-food appetities are catered to.

One beautiful new grill room with an adjoining bar is proudly decorated with the paintings of Ferdinand Burgdorff of Pebble Beach, so that there you may dine and look with rare enjoyment.

There is the Coffee Shop, hosted by the genial Colonel, where the coffee, the paper thin pancakes and the hamburgers are the answer to a hungry man's or gal's prayer.

For Mexican cuisine enthusiasts there is just one spot—you may dine in or out of doors, the frijoles, enchiladas And tamales are mouth-melting, the decor is delightful.

Just off Ocean Avenue is a nationally famous resturateur, her charming house, with its wrought iron gates, its sun-porches and dining rooms of quiet informal friendliness, is the meeting place of epicures. If you go for perfect, American food and wonderful, wonderful desserts—this is your spot.

AFTER SUNDOWN

World famous—in beautiful Pebble Beach with the 18th hole of the famous Del Monte course at the very door and a view of Carmel Bay that you will never forget—is the Lodge. Your Saturday nights in Carmel will indeed be gala if you dine and dance there. It is safer to make reservations.

Night spots, grill rooms and bars in and about town, there are, each with its individual appeal.

Don't miss Carmel's favorite "funny man." His dining room is bright and gay, the food is excellent and his hats—legion. The bar is crammed with jolly souls and good spirits.

From cocktail time on through dinner and the wee small dours, dining and dancing—just three minutes from the center of town by car...over the bar there is a jingle—"He who goes to bed sober, falls as the leaves do, and dies in October—But he who goes to bed, and does so mellow, lives as he ought, and dies a good fellow." Now you know you'll have fun there.

Have you visited the new "back" room in Carmel's famous Inn? with its fire-engine-red-swinging doors, its potbellied stove, to the tiniest detail the back room is Gay 90's at its best. A bracer, a cocktail or a night-cap here is a visitor's "must."

And across the street is the restaurant—bar lounge made famous in current fiction. You may dine on the ground floor, before a roaring fire—or upstairs where the the walls boast many famous hunting and game prints.

Well, you can't, we suppose, visit all of our pet places in Carmel, unless you prolong your stay, and we would like that. But we hope our little guide will prove helpful. It is our editorial policy not to use names in this column. But if you desire more specific information, call "The Spectator's Dining Differently" editor, Carmel 2040 any day, but Sunday, before 5 p.m.

Theater Talk

February 16 - 17 RED RIVER

Here is an authentic and rousing tale of the old west and the grueling cattle drive which first opened the famed Chisholm Trail from Texas to Abilene in the roaring '70's. It is told with a hard-bitten realism that has brought credit to the screen in such epics as "The Covered Wagon," "Cimmaron," and the recent "Treasure of the Sierra Madre."

Filmed in spectacular tech- the story concerns itself with the conflict of a rugged individualist who builds a cattle empire in the unbroken reaches of Texas and a foster son who tampers with that individualism. As the story unfolds, the post-Civil War crash that ruins the cattle market in the South and John Wayne, the rancher, decides to attempt the hazardous drive north to the rail head in Abilene.

Gunplay, Indian fighting and stampedes are highlights in the action, however, the emphasis on characterization, which gives the picture its tightness and unity, comes partly from shrewd direction and partly from the smooth adaption of the Saturday Evening Post serial by Borden Chase.

February 16: B. F.'S DAUGHTER Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin enact the cinema version of John P. Marquand's story of the girl who has everything money can buy, - everything but an understanding heart. Well drawn characterizations and tense but believable situations give Stanwyck one of the finest roles of her career.

February 11-14: LUXURY LINER Lush technicolor musical featuring Lauritz Melchior, Jane Powell, George Brent. Songs galore, beautifully sung...a beautiful stowaway, delightful complications... Real resort entertainment.

February 15-17: DEEP WATERS Folk drama in Maine, story of a man possessed by the sea and a girl who fears it. Magnificent storm sequence. Splendid acting. Dana Andrews, Jean Peters, Dan Stockwell, Ann Revere, Cesar Romero.

Woman's Club To give Benefit

An unusual opportunity for Carmel visitors occurs next Friday, February 18, when the new Carmel Women's Club is open to visiting ladies for a benefit dessert card party, commencing at one o'clock. The charge will be one dollar per person. The new club house, situated at San Carlos and Ninth streets is in character with Carmel architecture and delightfully decorated by several of Carmel's outstanding artists. Reservations may be made by calling Carmel 775R. Mrs. Reginald Foster is chairman of the afternoon.

Women's Auxiliary to Pack European Relief Boxes

Members of the Women's Auxiliary of All Saints Episcopal Church and the Church of the Wayfarer will meet this afternoon at two p.m. in the Parish House of All Saints Church to pack boxes for European Relief. Clothing may be left just inside the door of the Parish House at any time.

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Dancing Saturday Nights Only
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luncheon 12:30 - 2:30
dinner 6:00 - 10:00
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Hotel La Ribera (Special Merchants Luncheon)
BREAKFAST...LUNCHEON...DINNER
8 to 10 11:30 to 2 5:30 to 8
Lincoln &7th Sts. Ethel F. Rexford, Mgr.

You will Enjoy Our Newly Decorated and Enlarged
Grill Room
lunch 12:00 to 2:00
dinner 6:00 to 9:00
serving American Cuisine
COCKTAILS and LIQUORS
AZTEC LOUNGE
Ocean Avenue

Betsy Jarvis
Luncheon 11:30 until 3:00
(closed Sundays)
Lincoln between 5th and 6th

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FRI. - SAT:
SAXON CHARM
Robert Montgomery
Susan Hayward
— also —
The Hunted
SUN.-MON.-TUES.
Night has a Thousand Eyes
Starring
Gail Russel
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— also —
fighting back
Paul Langton
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RED RIVER
John Wayne
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Lauritz Melchior—Jane Powell
TUES - THURS
Drama of the Maine Coast
DEEP WATERS
Dana Andrews—Jean Peters
FRI - SUN
How far would 15¢ take you?
FUN ON A WEEKEND
Priscilla Lane—[illegible]

Hi Notes on the Hill

Our Ivied Halls

By [illegible]

It is a beautiful clear day. One lone seagull is winging his way over the solitary, blue expanse of the ocean. He is an observant bird, and he seems to sense the slight change in the atmosphere of that beautiful clear day. At some distance to his right, a misty wisp begins to take shape. The wisp of vapor grows; yes, there is a definite change in the air. Soon more wisps follow the first, and they grow bigger, taking on a resemblance to clouds.

On the mile-long sweep of the beach, people relax in the morning sun, or dabble with shrill cries of pleasure in the white surf. No one really bothers to notice the tiny white banner that floats lazily down from the north. Half an hour later, a regular procession of white puffs, some even edged with sinister black march evenly across the blue waters of the bay, and pile up in confusion over the steep hills to the south. Those hills, too, have taken on remarkably deep shadows, which stand out in surprisingly bold relief.

The golfers on the green fairways cast an occasional eye aloft. Yes, sir, it's mighty fine golf weather today. Rain? Oh, those are just fair weather clouds.

The soda fountains are full of suntanned, laughing folks, dressed largely in shorts or bathing suits, and wearing sun glasses. That cool drink feels pretty good inside; it's really quite a warm day today.

"Hmm. That wind is freshening up, don't you think? Well, I guess we've had about enough of the

we have had about enough of the beach for today." (What's the matter? Could it be that those clouds really worry you? Wouldn't be surprised; they do look a little mean at that.)

"Say! Did you see that? My ball was going right for the green and the wind caught it! Better give me my sweater, caddy it's getting a little cooler... And hurry up, fellas, we don't want to get wet!" (You, too? I guess you're right. Come to think of it, there isn't much blue sky left!)

"Business is slowin' down just a little, ain't it, Mary? Lotsa people are orderin' hot coffee instead of shakes. Better close the door. It's kinda cold in here." (Sort of grky looking outside, isn't it? Yes, you better close that door, Mary!)

Oop! What was that? Something hit you on the nose? Hey! There's another. Looks like it's going to settle down for a nice rain. Sure, it spoiled your day at the beach, or your golf game, or it kept people out of your fountain, but it's washing a lot of things clean, it's keeping the grass green, it's keeping you alive.

CHS Fashion Plate

By JENNIFER LLOYD

As I have told you before Folk Dancing has been the latest fad at the High School with every Gym class dancing once or twice a week. There have been a few noon time

get together sessions also. But now we have all graduated to something higher for our folk dancing. Tomorrow, the Carmel High School dancers will have a Folk Dance Festival with the Monterey Peninsula College dancers. There will be a seven period day with the fourth period devoted to the dancing. The students from M.P.C. have been working up some fancy and tricky square dances to show us. After they perform for us we will all meet each other and everyone will dance. The gym is to be the place for the festivities and it will undoubtedly be filled to overflowing with gay laughing dancers. If all goes well there may be more Folk Dance Festivals in the future.

Also on the agenda for this week is the Heart Hop, a dance to be given after the Gilroy game tomorrow night. The theme of the dance, which is being given by the Freshman Class, will be Valentines Day. Although there are no details as yet concerning the dance, it promises to be a good one.

****

Holy Moses - a sometime exclamation, but in World War II, a high-velocity aircraft rocket weighing about 140 pounds.

Club Data

By JANICE HASTINGS

Club activities last week were primarily confined to the election of officers for the coming semester.

The G.A.A. met in the girls' gym on Wednesday and chose Janet

Richey for president; Eleanor Taggart for vice-president, and Dee Sharpe for secretary-treasurer. At the same time, the counterpart of the G.A.A., the Block C, met and made Dan Holmes president, Elton Clark vice-president, and Dick Weer secretary-treasurer.

The Spanish Club, which is preparing for a busy semester, gave the following people the job of keeping affairs straight between now and June. Bill Albee, president; Nancy McGill, vice-president; Louise Harber, secretary, and Carol Bedau, treasurer.

The Rally Club (whose officers serve for a year) met Thursday afternoon to discuss the plans for the game with Pacific Grove, on Friday. The cheer-leaders introduced changes in some of the yells and the other members asked that they use several short, peppy yells. The members were asked to be at the game as early as possible and to make as much noise as they were physically capable of making.

Next week will see the final elections and then the semester will really be under way.

This n' That

By NANCY BROWN

Bix Carr is certainly the eye catcher when she wears her sea-green, short sleeved pullover cashmere with her brown, green and red plaid ballerina skirt. To accentuate the red in the skirt Biz appropriately wears a pair of red ballerina slippers.

Joyce Bannerman looked so crisp and fresh in her pink dirndle skirt with the large ruffle around the bottom. To match the skirt, Joyce made a scarf to tie around the neck of her white blouse.

In her light blue cashmere sweater set Deborah Geering looks very cute. She accents the blue with a navy blue skirt, pleated all the way around. Deborah was a model in the recent fashion show sponsored by the Lion's Club.

Beverly Wood looked very pert and gay in her grey tweed straight skirt, worn with a grey jacket.

College Briefs

Enrollment at Monterey Peninsula College was begun this week and is scheduled to continue through next week. Final figures will not be available until registration closes February 11, but on the basis of the present count, the total is expected to run well over 400 for both day and evening divisions.

Classes were resumed Wednesday, many with twice the expected enrollment, according to Director Calvin C. Flint, indicating the popularity they have met in the Peninsula communities.

Monterey residents comprise nearly half the student body while Carmel and Pacific Grove along with their outlying areas contribute about equally. Veterans of World War II comprise 25% of total enrollment.

The Monterey Evening College announces a new course in High School Chemistry beginning February 8, which will meet Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday from 6:30-7:20 with laboratory on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 7:20-10, in the Chemistry unit of the Science Building on the campus of the Monterey Peninsula College.

This high school course will complete a whole year's work in one semester. It is being offered at this time particularly to accomodate out-of-school youths or adults who are interested in credit towards high school graduation or who did not in their high school course take chemistry but who need to have it for preparation for nursing or any technical training they wish to enter, and for persons engaged in daily work in which a knowledge of chemistry would be advantageous.

Registration may be effected at the time of the first class meeting.

BREAKERS EDGE PADRES

By KURT VON MEIER

The mighty Pacific Grove Breakers barely edged the gallantly fighting Padres of Carmel last Friday night in the Pacific Grove Gym by a score of 32-28.

Pacific Grove drew first blood and led at the end of the first quarter as was expected. What surprised and electrified the bi-partisan crowd that crammed the gym to the rafters was the close fight that the boys from Carmel were making of it. Vandervort, Padre center, unable to penetrate the Breaker defense got his long range guns working and sank several beautiful shots from mid-court.

At half-time, much to the amazement of everyone, the Breakers were leading by the smallest of margins, 13-12. Time and again the Padres managed to break up scoring threats and the Breakers were missing set-ups that were heartbreaking. The crowd, by this time sensing that an upset was not beyond the realm of possibility, became a roaring inferno with both teams getting plenty of support from the gallery.

Completely outclassed according to any dope sheet, the Padres came roaring back and demonstrated what an outfit playing inspired ball can do. Vandervort and company, despite the towering height of the Breakers led at the end of the third quarter 19-17. By this time the gallery was hysterical and it looked as though the impossible was going to happen.

Early in the last stanza the score was tied by Pacific Grove but Padre captain Lee Langenour sank two free tosses plus a gratis toss by Gargiulo to keep Padres hopes high.

At this point the Breakers girded their loins for a final desperate effort. Substitution were made, and by some legedermain the tide was stemmed. Kelley and Sieve from Pacific Grove got hot and with beautiful timing proceeded to put the game on ice with three beautiful baskets; two of them set up shots that the shorter Padres seemed helpless to do anything about.

The final score came for the Padres with seconds left to play but it was their final effort and the game ended with the score standing 32-28.

One of the swift-moving tense moments in the basketball game between the BREAKERS and the PADRES. In the picture is shown tall 6'4" Pacific Grove player Jo Siemes No.14 trying to avoid the long arm of Dick Garciulo, star Padre forward. In the background is Art Kelley, No. 5 of Pacific Grove, ready for any development.

The Breakers deserved to win. They've got a fine club. They showed real spirit and fight in the face of a determined outfit that didn't know when they were beaten. Both teams deserved and got the plaudits of the crowd. It was a thrilling finish to a great game and the Padres looked gallant even in defeat.

We're proud of them. The starting lineup for the Padres was: Vandervort, Langenour, Gargiulo, Hare and Whittaker.

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GOT AROUND TO IT—SO
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THAT'S ALL YOU DO AND MAIL THE SPECTATOR BOX AO CARMEL BY MIDNITE FEBRUARY 13, 1949, AND THE FIRST TEN CORRECT ANSWERS WITH THE EARLIEST POSTMARK ARE THE WINNERS. REMEMBER YOUR GIFT MUST GO TO SOMEONE LIVING OUTSIDE MONTEREY COUNTY. A WHOLE YEAR'S THOUGHTFUL INTEREST...AND IT'S EASY TO WIN.

PHOTOS by KALDOR-BATES

Once Upon a Time

By
Alexander Victor

My column today should really be called "A Tale of Two Rabbits". When I was about ten years old a friend of mine offered to sell me a pair of rabbits. They were the most beautiful rabbits I've ever seen. He wanted five dollars for the pair. And so I wanted five dollars. I broached the matter to my father. he said, "No." He was giving me a weekly allowance and I suggested that he advance the money and take it out of my allowance over a period of time. He still said, "No." He also said that he himself had never been able to live within his income and would damned well see that the next generation would Since I was the next generation, I felt quite badly about it.

I had already wheedled all the money I could out of my mother, so I knew it would be useless to approach her on the subject. This, I believe was my first serious financial problem. I,ve had many since.

I suggested to my friend that he sell the rabbits on the installment plan, so much down and so much a week. But he also said "No." I had never heard so many "no's" in one day. He also stated that unless I bought the rabbits within two days he would sell them to someone else. I wracked my brain as to ways and means to raise some money.

Finally, I had an inspiration. There was a lady, the Baroness Von Tell, who lived in our village and was a great friend of my family. I was very fond of her and believed it was reciprocated. I knew, however, that it would be useless to ask her for a loan in the ordinary way. She would simply tell me to get the money from my father and if I was to tell her I had appealed to him already, she would realize that there was a reason for his refusal and would respect his reason.

So I returned home and put on my oldest and most disreputable clothes. I also rubbed some soap in my eyes to create the effect of crying. And then I called on the Baroness. When she entered the room where I was waiting she asked, "What is the matter? You have been crying," "Yes," I answered, "and for a very good reason." She asked me what had happened.

So I told my story. I told her we had had nothing to eat for two days and that I was horribly ashamed of the whole thing. But that father had asked me to see her and that he wanted to borrow five dollars. She said, "I cannot believe that." "Well," I said, "Such is the case," "But," she said, "Only last week your father gave a party for at least twenty people and they drank champagne." "That is just the trouble," I told her. "Father has never lived within his income, and the end has come." And that was exactly what my father had told me an hour earlier. She said, "I still don't believe a word of all this, but if you will stop lying and go home and wash your face I will let you have five dollars." Which she did.

I walked slowly with my head bowed down in shame until I turned the corner, when I started to run like the very devil to my friends house and got the rabbits. hobby and we had a conservatory. He had partitioned off one end of this for me and I kept some pigeons in the warm and cozy place. So I put the rabbits in with the pigeons. You should have seen the battle that ensued. The pigeons buffetted the rabbits with their wings and the rabbits kicked. This lasted for hours. Finally, no one having won, they gave it up and after that everything was peaceful.

A couple of weeks passed by and I was very happy and then--father called on Baroness Von Tell, and she told him all about my having asked her for the five dollars. That same day- I was into my father's study. First he told me how ashamed he was of me and a lot of irrelevant and immaterial things, the kind of things lawyers say when they have nothingelse to say. However, the thing that hit me smack between the eyes was this. Father said that I would have to sell the rabbits, obtain the five dollars and repay Madame Von Tell and beg her forgiveness. So I said I would, Father also said that, since I was so fond of the rabbits, the loss would be punishmen enough for me and that if I carried out his suggested program, all would be forgiven. I said I understood and would do as he asked.

I would have followed father's instructions, except for one thing. We had a gardiner who was a particular friend of mine because every little while I would "seipe" a cigar from my father's cigar box and bring it to the gardener. These were very fine cigars, I think about ten of them would have bought the two rabbits so I confided my troubles to him. He said, "Let me see the rabbits." When he saw the rabbits he examined them and told me, "Why the female rabbit is about to become a mother."

This gave me a brilliant idea, I thought, if I can just stall off this matter of the five dollars for a few weeks. I will sit pretty. I thought I could either sell the young rabbits and keep the original two or I could sell the two and have a lot of young rabbits. And so began a battle of wits between my father and myself. Every day he would ask, "Have you sold the rabbits yet?" I told him I could him I could sell the, but had had no offer for the rabbits amounting to the full amount. I said I had had hope that I could get the full price if I held out awhile longer. So he gave me a few more days of grace. A few weeks passed. Finally when pressed, I told him I had a friend who would pay five dollars, and that in a few days he expected to have the money.

In the meantime my teacher could not understand my sudden interest in zoology. I wanted to know how long it would take to wean young rabbits from their mother and a hundred other questions to which she never had an answer.

Our gardener seemed to know much more about these things than my teacher. He told me the time of delivery was close at hand. He also said that unless I separated the rabbits from the pigeons, the pigeons would kill the young ones. So he put in a partition for me. One day the young rabbits saw the light of day. I was very happy, but I still had the problem of stalling off father until the young rabbits could take care of themselves.

Then, out of a clear sky I had the best stroke of luck that could befall anyone. A few of us boys were in the market place. There were two oxen yoked to a wagon I bet the other boys that I could crawl under these oxen. We made the bet and I got down on all fours and started to crawl under their bellies. I was almost through when one ox became frightened, lashed out with his hind hoof and struck my head. Luckily the farmer who owned the team came along and calmed the beasts and my friends dragged me out from under.

S nd that was where my good luck came in. I was unconcious for twenty-four hours and after that, in bed for a couple of weeks. Naturally father didn't bother about the rabbits or Madame Von Tell during that time. I had a private interview with our gardener who told me that all was well, and that I was now the owner of nine rabbits instead of two. And that, if I wanted to, I could sell the parents at any time. And then, more good luck. Baroness Von Tell came to see me. She said, "I will take the two rabbits in place of the five dollars. But I want you to keep the rabbits for me. I have no place for them and no one to take care of them."

Father said to me, the day I finally got out of bed, "Son, you are a cheat and a liar and a crook at heart, but I'm kind of fond of you. I want to give you a piece of advice. Never apologize to anyone. But try to live so you don't have to."

After I had recovered from the oxen incident and was back in circulation, I called upon my friends for payment of the bet we had made. They, however, claimed that I had not finished the trip under the oxen but was dragged out part of the way. I claimed that no specified method of locomotion had been mentioned, and that technically, I had won. I also said, that if it hadn't been for their interference, I would have finished. They claimed that, in as much as I had been unconcious for twenty-four hours, that was impossible, because no pair of oxen, even a pair of Swedish oxen, would stand still that long.

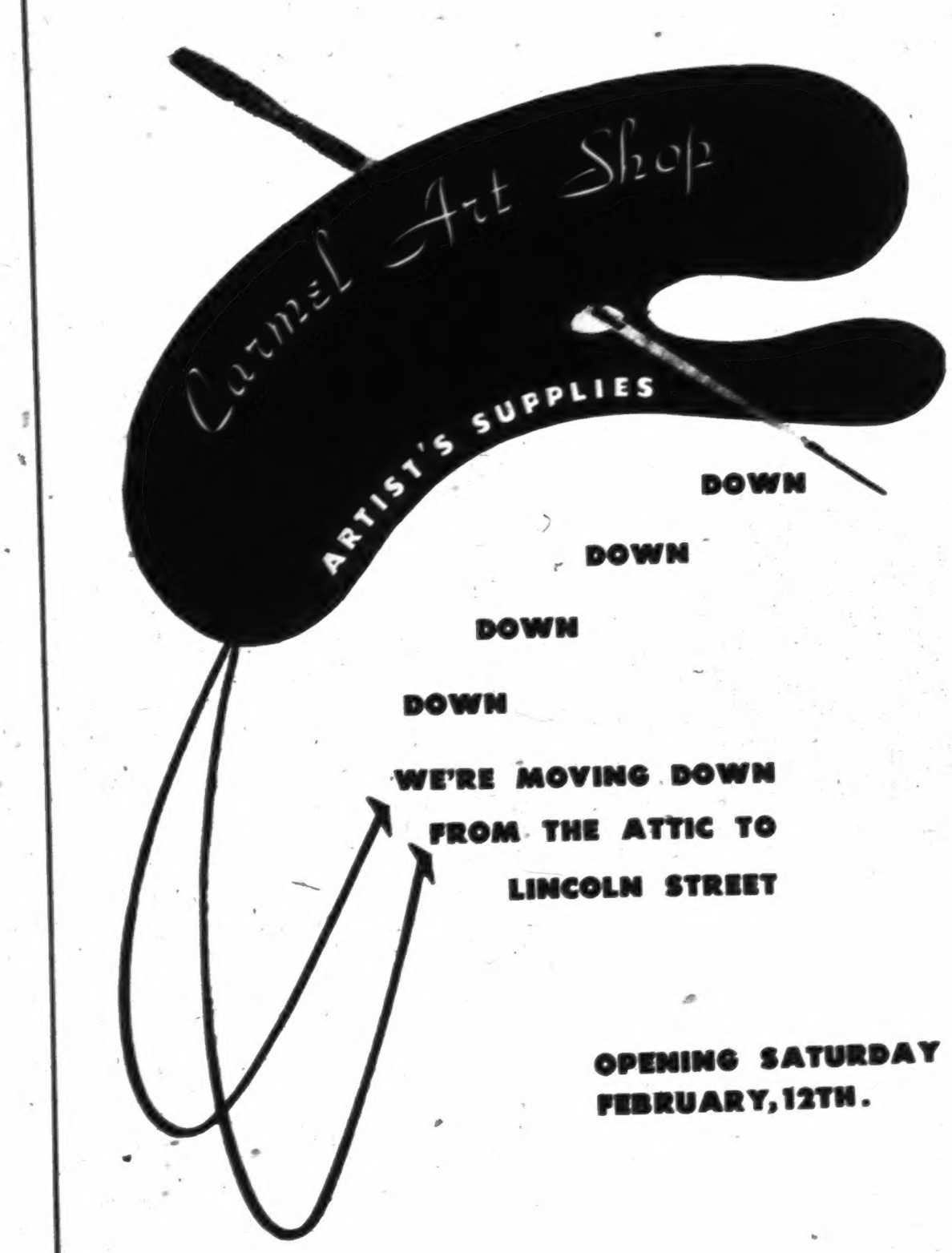
So, I went to see my father's lawyer. He wanted to know the amount of the bet, and I told him, "one Swedish crown." (A crown at that time was the equivalent of an American quarter.) "Well," he said, "Let us hear the story." I related in detail what had occurred and he listened very patiently. Finally he said, "Don't you realize that your friends probably saved your life. Not that I consider that of any particular service to the community, but you, personally should appreciate."

I told him that that had absolutely nothing to do with the case. I told him that it was the principle of the thing, and not other incidental items. "Well," he said, "I will take the case, but there is the matter of a retainer." When I asked him how much, he said, "Five dollars." There was a twinkle as he said this, so I knew he had heard about my rabbits. I left, after calling him everything I could think of at the moment. When half-way home I thought of some more insults, and I was tempted to go back.

But this was all a long time ago and I have outlived the rabbits.

.....

Priscian was the name of a great grammarian of the 5th Century. The Latin phrase, Diminuer e Prisciani Caput (to break Priscian's head), means to "violate the rules of grammar."



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